

David Allen

LATE SEASON TRILOGY

1

Fall, confined to dry leaves
and marked by shadowed trees turning to lost colors,
moved with the pressure of surrounding air,
laid just above your shoulders
and lingered in your hair . . .
you always wore autumn best,
lightly,
like the syllables of breath
used to express desire.

2

Certainty is a word reserved for granite,
gravity or estimates of velocity . . .
it does not fit the frailty of breathing
or the chaos of leaves caught in the breeze's ebb

*a vortex of brown scrapping sounds
marking fall days before the collapse of winter
with its dry click of leafless limbs
outlined against the greying wind.*

3

Winter trees, wind burnt clean of bark
under an isolated November sky,
contain the ordered stillness of your absence.
I need not pretend nor fear I will offend
the subtle posture of your fading presence
or the faint breath of your existence
that lingers on my neck

like the soft pressure of your memory
in the air around me.